

let his prisoners go.¹ The incident was closed—no, not quite; not finally closed until, just half a century later, in Westminster Abbey the last flagstone was lowered into place above the body of Sir William Temple, the builder of the Triple Alliance and Privy Councillor of Charles II, laid now to his rest beside Dorothy Osborne, the wife of forty years.

But the course of this love that had so long to run, was far from running smooth at first. William Temple was just twenty when he watched the woman's wit of Dorothy Osborne, herself twenty-one, thus save her brother in the Isle of Wight. That day, if she set one prisoner free, she made another. How the lovers' acquaintance had first begun, we do not know; but a long period of trouble was still to pass before it ended happily in marriage. 'The accidents for seven years of that amour', writes Temple's sister, Lady Giffard, 'might make a history, and the letters that passed between them a volume/ At this moment Temple, the son of Sir John Temple, Member of Parliament for Chichester, Master of the Rolls and a Privy Councillor for Ireland, was just going abroad to travel after two not very profitable years at Emmanuel College, Cambridge; where he had found tennis and other occupations more amusing than Dr. Cudworth's 'harsh studies of logick and phylosophy'. 'I have heard him say', continues his sister in her

Memoir, 'if it had
bin possible in the two years time he past
there to forgit
all he had learn't before, he must certainly
have done
it/ Dorothy Osborne, on her side, came of a
northern
family which had settled in Essex in the
mid fifteenth

^xIt throws an odd light on "Progress" to reflect
that in the Ger-
many of 1933 she would probably have been
paraded round the
town with her head shaved and a placard round her
neck, before
being sent to five years' imprisonment.